

banks, and demand new and more adequate modes of distribution—a river to swim in.

The fact is that the *ministry of money* has never yet been appreciated by us. The vast power latent in consecrated wealth is one of the great dormant forces of the moral universe. Wealth belongs to the material world, but once consecrated it becomes a moral and spiritual motor, a motive power in the realm of the unseen. Out of the mammon of unrighteousness we may make friends, coining money into souls saved, and into good works done for God. Money is the lever of all good enterprises, and represents values of all sorts. It not only provides home comforts, and drives the wheels of industry, but it relieves poverty and misery, promotes education and art, is a great civilizing force, and the handmaid of evangelism. And its abuse is as mighty for evil as its use is for good; indeed, the best, perverted, always becomes the worst.

Who has any conception of the colossal fortunes held by single owners! When a well-known New Yorker died, he left, it is said, two hundred millions of dollars. If that amount were piled up in standard silver dollars, one on top of another, it would represent a column over three hundred miles high. Yet the whisky money of this nation would represent a similar column over three thousand miles high! The *annual income* of the Duke of Westminster would itself support four thousand married missionaries with their families in the costliest fields of the Orient!

And yet, what do these giant fortunes amount to in the retrospect of a selfish life? The vast treasure of A. T. Stewart was all gone, within a decade of years after his decease. His body was stolen and his splendid mausoleum is empty. How few to-day rise up and call him blessed! The inventor of the fire-extinguishing apparatus, called by his name, died in a California almshouse at seventy years of age, and that man had received \$10,000 a month for loyalty on his machines.

Extravagance saps the very foundation of honesty and virtue, and removes all the base-blocks of individual and family life. Decline of marriages, which was one of the chief causes of the fall of the Roman Empire, was due to the *cost of living* which made it too expensive for a Roman young man to marry. Thus the middle classes were crushed out—which in every nation supply its backbone. The same causes not contributing to the ruin of two of the foremost nations of the earth, and they call themselves Christian nations too! The wedding ceremony itself is often an enormous outlay. While China was appealing to the world to help her starving millions in famine, the Emperor's wedding festivities wasted millions of dollars.

Modern extravagance seems to outstrip even ancient waste. An eccentric millionaire was buried not long ago in Massachusetts in a casket which cost \$10,000, the funeral, as a whole, costing three times that amount. If the newspapers can be

trusted, a banker's wife, in a party at the Capital, wore a dress covered with one hundred and five hundred dollar bills, so as to make it appear one pattern, the waist and sleeves being thousand dollar bonds sewed in; her fingers were ablaze with diamonds, and she wore a tiara worth \$80,000, and the total value her costume represented was, it was said, about \$300,000! An English ecclesiastic calls attention to recent art sales in London, where \$10,000 were spent for a dessert service, and \$50,000 for two rose-tinted vases. Take the single indulgence known as smoking. Nearly twenty-five thousand smokers are now in the United States alone, and the cost of this indulgence is fifty times what the whole Church of Christ spends on missions.

The churches—alas! lead the way in a wrong standard of expenditure. What shall we say of a well-known church that spends \$3,000 a year on the choir, and averages \$150 a year for foreign missions! No wonder Bishop Coxe found a man in his diocese who put five cents a Sunday into the church box, and \$800 a season into the opera box. A millionaire could be named who gives a dollar a Sunday, but stops even this payment when he takes his annual winter excursion to the South, where he spends thousands for his own enjoyment!

Where is our zeal for God? The men of this world do not hesitate to embark on an enterprise whose profits are at risk, and spend vast sums on an experiment. The ship canal projected from Bordeaux on the Atlantic, to Narbonne on the Mediterranean, would cost \$130,000,000. When a few years ago a new fleet of ninety-two vessels was planned for the navy of the United States, it was expected to call for \$20,000,000 a year, for fourteen years! What a work it was to build the pyramids, employing one thousand men at a time, and occupying twenty years! The Russian war cost England alone \$500,000,000. Consider what might have been done in the field of missions with that sum, which represents *all that has been given in the last seventy-five years* for world-wide evangelization by the whole Church!

It is a shame that we should find the most munificent givers *outside* of the Church of Christ. Baron Hirsch, of Paris, recently dead, gave to the poor Russian Jews, and and their fellow Hebrews in Poland, Hungary, and Austria, \$10,000,000; and shortly after as much more to other charities. His benefactions are yet without a parallel in history. And this famous financier and railroad king, besides giving ten millions to *Christian* schools and hospitals in Europe, gave \$40,000,000 to build commercial schools in the waste lands of the continent for the Jews.

#### SELECTED MISSIONARY NOTES

—Our lives would be singularly incomplete if there were in them no change for giving as worship. I am of the opinion, and very strongly, that we ought to hail every opportunity to give something for the ad-

vancement of religion, for charity, for the missionary effort of the church, as a means of grace, a way of increasing our generosity and of reproofing our natural selfishness. Instead of suffering in ourselves any impatience with the collection box, we ought to hail it with love and joy, remembering the blessing of the Lord bestowed upon her who crept meekly to the treasury and dropped in her two mites.

—Christianity can not be, must not be, watered down to suit the palate of Hindu, Parsee, Confucianist, Buddhist, or Mohammedan; and whosoever wishes to pass from the false religion to the true can never hope to do so by the rickety planks of compromise, or by the help of faltering hands held out by half-hearted Christians. He must leap the gulf in faith; the living Christ will spread His everlasting arms beneath him, and land him safely on the eternal rock.

—Quoth Bishop McCabe: "How to get the church to consecrate its money to God is the question of the hour. We could go swiftly onward with the work of evangelizing the world, if we only had the money to send the messengers of salvation. The total income of the Methodist Episcopal church alone can not be less than \$600,000,000. One-tenth of that is \$60,000,000. We give \$24,000,000 now.—We rob God of \$36,000,000, or \$3,000,000 a month, or \$100,000 a day."

—If all the communicants of the Presbyterian church would only deny themselves the pleasure of eating one plate of icecream less every year and give the saving to the Board of Ministerial Relief, money enough would be forthcoming to pay all the appropriations for aged and worn-out ministers of the denomination in all the world.

—There are in the Christian church over 100,000 proselytes from Judaism, and in the church of England alone 250 of the clergy are either Jews or the sons of Jews. As each Lord's day comes round the Gospel is proclaimed in more than 600 pulpits of Europe in Jewish lips. Over 350 of the ministers of Christ in Great Britain are stated to be Hebrew Christians.

—The London Religious Tract Society sends forth its publications at the annual rate of 59,000,000, and its total circulation to date has aggregated 3,215,000,000. Every Protestant Christian mission in the world has helped to circulate these publications, and in 220 languages. Its work dates from 1797.

#### My Heart's Desire

If I in harvest-fields  
Where strong ones reap  
May find one golden sheaf  
For love to keep.  
May speak one quiet word  
When all is still,  
May help some fainting heart  
To bear thy will,  
Or sing one high clear song,  
On which may soar  
Some glad soul heavenward,  
I ask no more.